

Children's Sermon

Perseverance.

By Rev. Stuart Nye Hutchison, D. D.

Seek the Lord and his strength, seek his face continually. 1 Chron. 16:11.

One of the fine stories of the Old Testament is about Elijah the prophet. There had been a great drought in the land of Israel for three years and a half. No rain had fallen; there was very little to eat, the springs and streams were dry, and most of the cattle had died. There was great distress and trouble everywhere. So Elijah went to the Lord for help. He kneeled down and asked the Lord to make it rain. Then he sent his servant to look out and see if he could see any clouds in the sky. He came back and said he could not see one anywhere. So he went to praying again, and then told his servant to go and look. But there was not a cloud to be seen. Some people would have been discouraged, and said, "What is the use of praying, anyway?" But Elijah kept on with his prayers, and after he had prayed seven times the servant came back and told him that there was a little cloud coming up in the West. Before long the whole sky was filled with black clouds and there was a fine rain. If Elijah had given up because the answer did not come all at once that rain would not have come.

Every morning we have news in our papers from Europe and every part of the world. Do you know how we get that news from so far away? It is telegraphed under the sea. There is a cable that reaches under the ocean all the way from America to Europe and they send messages over this cable. The first Atlantic cable was laid by Cyrus Field. Mr. Field believed that it could be done and he set to work. He struggled thirteen years before he succeeded. People told him that he was crazy, that it could never be done. His money gave out, and his health failed. But he never gave

up and at last the work was done. He said when it was finished that he had prayed God that he might live till it was completed.

Dr. Arnold, one of the greatest teachers who ever lived, once said, "The boys who get on in the world are not the boys with the most talents, but with the most energy." They are the boys who keep on trying even if they do not succeed at first.

One of my friends was telling me of a little mouse he saw. He was sitting in his library reading one evening when he heard a sound, and looking down, he saw a tiny little mouse. He had found a peanut and was trying to get it to his hole in the wall. The peanut was too big for him to take in his mouth. So he tried to hold it between his front paws and his chin. Just as he would almost reach the hole the peanut would slip out of his grasp and fall back on the floor. He would go back and get it and start all over again. But each time, when he had it almost at the hole, he would lose it again. The little mouse tried seven times before he succeeded.

When you come home from school with a hard problem and fail to work it, what do you do? I know what some of you do. You give it up, or you go and ask someone else to work it for you. The only real way to succeed is to keep on trying, and keep on trying till you do work it.

Now, this is what God wants us to do in prayer. If you ask Him for something and He does not give it to you all at once, you must not think that He is never going to give it. We may have to pray as many times as Elijah did, or perhaps more than seven times, before God sends the answer. But it always comes if we keep on praying.

Norfolk, Va.

their names are Cherrie, Snowball and Polly. I read all the letters and most of the stories in the Presbyterian. I enjoy them and I'm always glad when the Presbyterian comes. With best wishes,

Your little friend,

Benjamin W. Marshall, Jr.

Madisonville, Va.

Dear Benjamin: I think you have written a splendid letter for a boy in the third grade. Did you like "Treasure Island"? I am sure every boy does, and I do, too.—H. A.

READS THE PRESBYTERIAN.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little boy seven years old. I go to school every day I can. I read the Presbyterian. We have a dog named Jack and four kittens. I have seven brothers.

Your friend,

Walter Hancock.

Dear Walter: I am glad you read the Presbyterian. Do Jack and the kittens ever play together?—H. A.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl eight years old. I am in the third grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Mary Henly. I have not missed but one Sunday from Sunday-school in a year.

Your unknown friend,

Marian Kelley Clark.

Inverness, Fla.

Dear Marian: You have done well not to

miss but one Sunday. Won't you write us something about Florida? I think it will be so interesting to have letters about all the different States, don't you?—H. A.

SCHOOL AT HOME.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl eight years old. I go to school every day. We have a teacher in our home; her name is Miss Mattie Millner. The roads are too bad for us to go often to church in winter, but we recite the Child's Catechism to our teacher. I am in the fourth grade and have a little brother five years old who is in the second grade. Please publish my letter, as I want to surprise my mother and aunt, who lives in Tazewell.

Your little friend,

Genevieve Moseley.

New Canton, Va. R. 1.

Dear Genevieve: It is nice to have your teacher right in your home, isn't it? You and little brother are both getting on finely.—H. A.

FOUR YEARS OLD.

My Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl four years old last August. My mother is holding my hand for me to write to you. I know my alphabet, and can make some of the letters. I can recite really many "Mother Goose Rhymes." Mr. J. C. Leps is our pastor. I love him very much. His little daughter Mary Anna and I have good times together. Please publish this. I want to surprise grandmother and aunt.

Mary Elizabeth Featherston.

Dear Mary Elizabeth: You wrote me a very nice letter for such a little girl, and I am sure your grandma and aunt will like it.—H. A.

LOVES TO FISH.

Dear Presbyterian: As I have never written to you, I want to write now. Please print it so that my grandpa, who takes your paper, can see it. He has a fish pond and I like to go over there to fish. I have recited the Child's Catechism. I am now studying the Shorter Catechism. I go to Charlotte High School. I am in the second grade. I like to go to school.

Your little friend,

Albert Towler.

Charlotte C. H., Va.

Dear Albert: I wish I could go over to the fish pond with you some day. Can you catch many fish there?—H. A.

IN THE SECOND GRADE.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl seven years old. I am in the second grade at school. I have three pets, and I have no brothers or no sister. I want to surprise my grandmother, my aunts and my teacher.

From

Mary Eutopa Kerr.

Dear Mary: This is a very nice little letter. Write again and tell us about your school.—H. A.

LIVES ON A FARM.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl nine years old. I live on a farm, four miles from the station. We have four little calves. I can ride horseback and often ride our horse Fannie to the creek. I am in the fourth grade. Our teacher reads us the nice little sermons in your good paper. I like to hear them and the stories also. We have four little kittens.

Your little friend,

Sallie Moseley.

New Canton, Va. R. 1.

Dear Sallie: Isn't it fine to live on a farm? There are so many nice things to do. Do you ever raise any chickens?—H. A.

Children's Letters

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little boy seven years old. I haven't started to school yet, but we will have a nice six-room building by next year. Mother takes your paper and I like to hear her read the little letters. "Santa Claus" brought me a copy of "The Little Jetts" and I like it fine. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday and am study the Child's Catechism. My Aunt Gertrude Barksdale is my teacher, and of course I love her. This is my first letter.

Your little friend,

Edward Traynham.

Cluster Springs, Va.

Dear Edward: I am glad you got "Little Jetts" Christmas. I think they are great.—H. A.

GLAD WHEN THE PRESBYTERIAN COMES.

Dear Presbyterian: It has been a long, long time since I sent you a letter. I couldn't write then, but now I am in the third grade and can write you a letter all by myself. I go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school and church every day. I like to go. My Sunday-school teacher gave me "Treasure Island," Christmas for regular attendance. There was one other in my class who won this book. He was my little schoolmate, Carl Lacey. I have three pet cats;